

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

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SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, JUNE 29, 1897.

NO. 52

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Trousers, \$3.50, \$4, and up.

Paris Furnishing and Tailoring Co.,

H. S. STOUT, Manager.

FRED LANSING,
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QUEEN & CRESCENT.

During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets are on sale until further notice to Chattanooga at \$5.35 one way or \$5.75 round trip from Georgetown, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets with longer return limit, at \$8.65 and at \$11.80 for the round trip.

These rates enable the public to visit Nashville and other Southern points at rates never before offered. Vestibuled trains on the finest class are at the disposal of the passenger, affording a most pleasant trip, and enabling one to visit the very interesting scenery and important battle-fields in and about Chattanooga. Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga National Military Park. Tickets to Nashville to visit the Centennial can be repurchased at Chattanooga for \$3.40 round trip. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via Cincinnati and the Q. & C. Route South or write to

W. R. BLACKWELL,

GEORGETOWN, KY.

—OR—

W. C. RINEARSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

Danville will not have a fair this year. Flemingsburg is now lighted by electricity.

Four men were killed by lightning Saturday at Columbia, S. C.

Rev. Geo. O. Barnes closed a meeting Sunday night at Danville, and is now in Stanford on a visit.

Chas. Nute, a Flemingsburg undertaker, assigned Saturday. Liabilities \$8,000, with assets about the same.

Frank Gregston committed suicide at Maysville, by throwing himself in front of a train. Domestic trouble caused the act.

Willie Oldham, 12, was killed at Henderson by being struck in the stomach with a baseball. He was catching under the bat.

The five-year-old daughter of C. W. Howard was gored to death by a cow near Newport. The child was in a field picking daisies.

Near Lexington Geo. Ott's slaughter house, containing 200 hams and 20 barrels of lard, was destroyed by fire of incendiary origin.

The Winchester and Frankfort companies of State guards have gone to Franklin to guard Geo. Dunning, on trial for murder.

The Sparks Block at Nicholasville burned Friday morning. The water plugs had been spiked, and other buildings had a narrow escape.

The marked improvement in the security market in New York continues. Indications are that the buying is being done for investment and not for speculative purposes.

While playing hide and seek, in Union county, Laura and Jennie Spurr, aged five and seven, hid in a trunk. The lid closed with a spring lock and smothered the children to death.

Cornell won the boat race from Yale and Harvard, Friday. Cornell used American methods in training and rowing and easily defeated her opponents who used English methods.

The sheriffs were busy Friday. Jim Williamson was hanged at Wharton, Tex.; James Pollard at St. Joseph, Mo.; Clark Lewis at Fayetteville, W. Va., and Terrell Hudson at Decatur, Ga.

The curators of the Kentucky University have about agreed upon the election of Rev. James Clayton Keith, of San Francisco, as President of Kentucky University. Rev. Keith graduated at this institution in 1866.

Attorneys will demand payment of the insurance policies, amounting to \$12,000, upon the life of ex-Treasurer Tate. They state that they have no proof of his death, but rely upon the presumption of death after seven years' disappearance.

The Winchester Board of Education elected the following teachers for the ensuing year: R. M. Shipp, Superintendent; E. C. Fox, Principal; Mrs. J. V. Morton, Misses Lizzie Bush, Fannie Bush, Fannie Sudduth, Bessie Adamson, Mary Glancy, Lula Embry, Ida Parrish and Alice Ramsey.

L. & N. Low Rates.

Chautauqua, Lexington, June 27 to July 9, round trip 80 cents.

Kentucky Educational Association, Bowling Green, June 27 to July 1, round trip \$6.40.

Annual Meeting Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Minneapolis, Minn., July 6, round trip July 3 and 4 \$21.90, limited to July 11, '97. Limit may be extended to July 31.

F. B. CARR, L. & N. Agent.

See advertisement in another column of W. J. Bryan's new book—"The First Battle." Send your order to Oscar Miller, Hutchison, Ky., agent for Bourbon county.

Cheap Rates To California.

National Convention Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, San Francisco, July 7th to 12th. The L. & N. will sell tickets to San Francisco & intermediate points on direct lines at \$29.50 one way June 29, 30, July 1, 2 & 3d, good for continuous passage. For further information call on F. B. Carr Agent.

Tickets East-bound will be sold at about same rates as West-bound tickets. Dates of sale East-bound will be July 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 22, 26, 29, Aug. 2, 5 and 9th, continuous passage.

Gentlemen's Tan Shoes.

The latest and best tans for Summer wear. Genuine hand welts for \$2.50 to \$3.50 per pair. Will not squeak and just the thing for the Summer months.

RION & CLAY

HUTCHISON

Fresh Paragraphs About The People In This Vicinity.

Smedley Bros. sold 20 1000-pound cattle to Lexington butchers at 34 cents.

Miss Mildred McMillan, of Lexington, is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. B. Rogers.

James Lewis lost a valuable horse killed by lightning last Wednesday night.

Jacoby brothers sold to G. C. Thompson 250 barrels corn in crib at \$1.60 per barrel.

Mr. John Henry Giltner, of Louisville, is spending his vacation with his mother.

Mr. Ed Willmott and wife, of Lexington, visited relatives in the neighborhood last week.

Misses Mary Lou Baker, Nell Frost and others, from Lexington, visited Miss Giltner, Sunday.

C. & O. Excursion To Atlantic City And Cape May, N. J.

On Thursday, July 8th the Chesapeake & Ohio railway will run an excursion to Cape May and Atlantic City, leaving Lexington at 11:25 a. m., for \$12 round trip, tickets good returning twelve days from date of sale. The excursion train will run via Washington and Philadelphia and arrive at the Jersey coast for dinner next afternoon.

Through sleepers will be provided, and every effort made to make the trip an enjoyable one. Tickets at same rates can be purchased at Shelbyville, Frankfort, Winchester, Mt. Sterling and other stations on the C. & O. Send in your name for sleeping car berths. For full information write to George W. Barney, O. P. A., Lexington, Ky.

W. S. Anderson,

Or Peck, P. O., Pike Co., O. Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

To the Wright Medical Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Gents—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James T. Blaser, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for Stomach Troubles and Constitution. I was unable to do without them for two years and used three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others so afflicted I wish to send this letter.

Very truly yours,

W. S. ANDERSON, A. P. S. PERSON.

Sold by all druggists at 50c and \$1 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Medical Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

Brower, Scott & Frazee,

Corner Main and Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

Hot Weather Goods In Great Variety.

Lawn Furniture, Hammocks,

Mosquito Bars, Straw Mattings, At Lowest Prices.

Fine, Medium and Low-Priced Chamber Suits, Parlor Suits, Folding Beds, Brass Beds, Iron Beds, Odd Dressers, Wash Stands, Chiffoniers, Dressing Tables, etc. Popular Finishes Inspection Invited.

BROWER, SCOTT & FRAZEE, Carpets, Furniture, Wall Paper, Draperies.

LEXINGTON, KY.

New Buggy Company!

Having purchased John Glenn's carriage works and repository, on corner of Fourth and High Streets, Paris, Ky., we are now prepared to do all kinds of repairing, painting and trimming of vehicles, such as carriages, buggies, etc. We also keep on hand a select line of new

BUGGIES, BAROUCHES, SURRIES, —EVERYTHING IN THE VEHICLE LINE.

The public is invited to inspect our stock and compare our prices. We have engaged experienced, expert workmen to do our work and insure satisfaction, and guarantee all jobs to be first-class.

Call and see us. Prompt attention to all orders.

J. H. Haggard Buggy Company

HIGH ST., COR. FOURTH, PARIS, KY.

PRIDE OF PARIS,

The Whitest, Purest and

THE BEST

FLOUR.

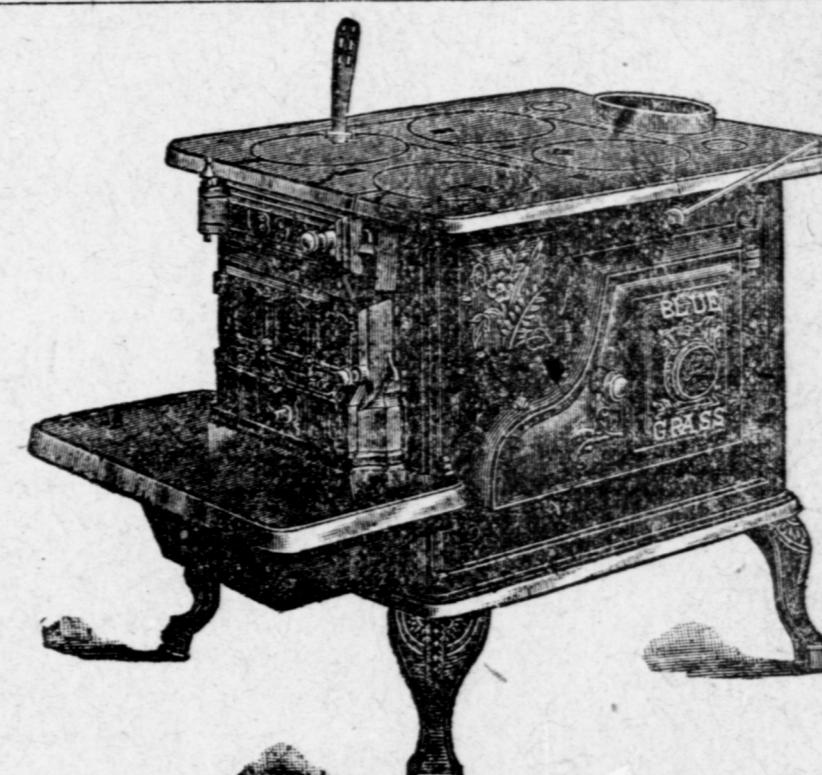
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PARIS MILLING CO.

Ask Your Grocer For It.

Take No Other.

EVERY SACK GUARANTEED.



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Write For Price List,

Or, call at the Works.

LEXINGTON STOVE WORKS, SEVENTH ST., EAST END CITY, Lexington, Ky.

Take Chestnut Street car for the Works.

H. A. SMITH,

DENTIST.

Office over G. S. Varden & Co.

PATENTS U. S. AND FOREIGN PROCURED.

EUGENE W. JOHNSON,

SOLICITOR AND ATTORNEY IN PATENT CAUSES.

1729 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

Office established 1868. Charges moderate.

Correspondence Requested.

(2mar-1jan88)

A HAILSTORM.

Not a Dozen Buildings in Topeka, Kan., That Are Not Damaged.

Boots of Street Cars Pierced—A Dozen Persons Injured in Runaways—Dogs and Birds Killed in the Streets—The Damage Will Be Heavy.

TOPEKA, Kas., June 25.—The worst hail storm known in the history of Kansas struck this city shortly after 6 o'clock Thursday night. Hailstones weighing 12 to 16 ounces stripped the trees of their foliage, smashed window panes on every hand, including finest plate glass store fronts, cut down telegraph and telephone wires and riddled awnings and inflicted unprecedented damage throughout the city. Dogs were struck in the street and instantly killed. Horses were knocked to their knees to rise again and dash away in mad flight. Runaways occurred throughout the city. When the fury of the storm had passed, dead birds were found everywhere. A heavy wind and terrific lightning accompanied the storm.

Topeka Thursday night looked like a city that has withstood a siege of war guns. There are not a dozen buildings in the town that are not almost windless, and many roofs were caved in. The roofs of eight street cars also were pierced. The damage wrought can better be imagined when it is known that the hailstones ranged in size from that of a hen's egg to an ostrich egg, and that 30 minutes after the storm one hailstone was picked up which measured 14 inches in circumference. Surgeons are busy dressing the wounds of persons injured in the storm, and reports of injuries continue to be received. Many were hurt in runaways on the streets.

The following are among the most seriously hurt: Frank Brainard, hackman, skull fractured; J. D. Henderson, liveryman, skull fractured; Roy White, leg broken in a runaway; Mrs. Mary Hughes, arm broken in a runaway; D. Klee, bad scalp wound; Miss Anna Fenton, head cut; Geo. Hill, boy, skull fractured; Chas. Johnson, struck on head and rendered unconscious; Policeman Kidney, fingers broken in protecting head with hands; Miss Cornie, badly wounded on head; in hospital Hackman Frank Brainard is still unconscious and will probably die.

The damage can not be estimated, but it will amount to thousands. Window glass is already at a premium here, and Thursday night three cars loads were ordered from Kansas City.

Street car traffic is stopped and electric lights are out, owing to demoralization of the electric system.

THE QUEEN

Receives the Lords of the Admiralty and the Admirals of Foreign Vessels.

WINDSOR, June 25.—The lords of the admiralty and all the admirals of the foreign vessels who are taking part in the naval review off Spithead on Saturday next, including Rear Admiral Miller, U. S. N., were received by Queen Victoria at Windsor castle Thursday. Each of the admirals was accompanied by two aides-de-camp, those of the American admirals being Commander William H. Emory, chief of Adm. Miller's staff; Lieut. J. Caldwell and Lieuts. Rogers and Andrews. The admirals were met at the railroad station by royal carriages and were taken to the castle through a shower of rain. At the depot and at the castle, for this occasion, detachments of blue jackets formed the guard of honor. The British first lord of the admiralty, Rt. Hon. George J. Goschen, was in full uniform and the admirals were ablaze with decorations and resplendent in full dress. At the castle they were entertained at luncheon in the Waterloo room and were afterward received by the queen. The queen received the admirals sitting and spoke very cordially to Adm. Miller, who then presented the members of his staff to her majesty.

The naval officers were afterward shown through the castle.

On behalf of her majesty the prince and princess of Wales gave a reception Thursday evening at Buckingham palace. The occasion was one of unprecedent brilliancy, the guests numbering over 1,000, and including all the special jubilee visitors, and the admirals, captains and officers from Spithead. An enormous crowd watched the arrivals at the palace, while the streets converging there were filled with carriages.

Intense Heat in Kansas.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 25.—The most intense heat that has prevailed in central Kansas for several years has been experienced for the past four days, the thermometer averaging 100 and finally reaching 104 degrees. Many prostrations among farmers are reported, and at some points farmers have been compelled to abandon their harvest work. In the vicinity of Larned it was hot enough to curl the leaves of vegetation.

Utah Central Railway Sold.

SALT LAKE, Utah, June 25.—The Rio Grande Western railway has purchased the Utah Central railroad. The price is near \$325,000. The Utah Central is a narrow gauge road, running from Salt Lake to Park City, the famous silver camp, and was recently sold under foreclosure proceedings to New York parties, who now sell it to the Rio Grande Western road.

Reported Lynching Erroneous.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 25.—The report telegraphed from Paducah Thursday of the secret lynching at Princeton, Wednesday night, of Miller, the fiend who assaulted a little girl at Edaville, is erroneous. Inquiries made at both Paducah and Princeton brought the reply that all were quiet at both places and no lynching had occurred.

Springfield Graduates.

SPRINGFIELD, O., June 25.—Forty-two graduated Thursday morning from the Springfield high school at the Grand opera house.

MORE TROUBLE

At Ft. Gibson When the Cherokee Payment is Resumed—The Washington Authorities Have Been Asked for Assistance.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—Trouble has broken out afresh at Fort Gibson, Indian territory, where the Cherokee freedmen payment has just been resumed, and the Washington authorities have been appealed to for assistance in averting further disorders. News of the disturbance came officially in telegrams received Friday by Secretary Bliss, supplemented by similar advices received by the attorney general and the secretary of war.

Gen. Frank C. Armstrong, of the Dawes commission, which was just leaving Fort Gibson, when the trouble occurred, joined with Indian Inspector McLaughlin, who is supervising the payment in wiring the following to Secretary Bliss:

Considerable excitement exists among the Negroes on account of arrests made by the United States marshals. Negroes are armed and are threatening to attack the marshals. The troops here are able to cope with the situation and preserve peace. If the commander has not authority to patrol the town and to exercise control over the excited Negroes, trouble may occur. The presence and action of the military Friday evening alone prevented bloodshed. The payment has progressed quietly but those disturbances are outside the lines and are between the Negroes and deputy marshals. Prompt and decided action is recommended with authority to remove disorderly persons and disarm all except United States officials. The United States district attorney and United States marshal have wired the attorney general.

(Signed)
F. C. ARMSTRONG-MCLAUGHLIN, Inspectors.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—The request of the governor for the assistance of the federal troops was discussed at a conference at the white house Friday night. There were present besides the president, Secretary Alger, Attorney General McKenna and Gen. Breckinridge of the army. The conference lasted until after 11 o'clock. Secretary Alger stated there had been nothing further received from Key West bearing on the situation and in the absence of any information no action has yet been taken on the governor's request. There are now two companies of artillery and one or more of infantry stationed at that point.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—A party of distinguished Mexicans, consisting among others of Gen. Luis Terrazas, ex-governor of Chihuahua; Mr. Enrique C. Creel, the leading capitalist of Mexico; Don Luis Terrazas and their wives, and Dr. Miguel Marquel have been visiting Washington for several days. They are on a sight-seeing tour of some of the principal cities of the country. Friday they left for Philadelphia, where after a short visit the party will go west, Cincinnati being the first city at which they will stop.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The consideration of the wool schedule was completed at 1 o'clock Friday. Mr. West offered a number of amendments but was defeated in each instance, the schedule being adopted as suggested by the finance committee. The silk schedule was at once taken up.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The senate committee on privileges and elections Friday considered briefly a report prepared by Senator Hoar in the case of Hon. H. W. Corbett, recommending that Mr. Corbett be seated as a senator from Oregon. The committee declined to act upon the report beyond ordering that it be printed for the use of the committee, together with any views which might be submitted by members opposing Mr. Corbett. The result of this proceeding will be to postpone further consideration of Mr. Corbett's claims until the next session. There was no formal expression of the committee to this effect, but there is a general understanding that such is the case.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The silk schedule precipitated quite a lively debate, the western and coast senators contending that the committee rates were "excessive, prohibitory and burdensome." They claimed that the rates ran from 70 to 100 per cent. Messrs. Jones, Vest, Mantle, White, Teller and Platt, (Conn.) took part in the debate. The latter held that the government figures showed the rates to average 75 per cent. Efforts to reduce the committee rates were rejected.

Interesting Bicycle Event.

DENVER, Col., June 26.—An agreement has been signed for one of the most interesting bicycle meets of the season. The principal events will be between W. W. Hamilton, of Denver, and Walter C. Sanger, of Milwaukee, and the meeting is to be held July 16 and 17. There will be three races between Hamilton and Sanger for a bet of \$1,000, the winner of two of the races to take all. The races will be one mile unpaced, two miles paced, and five miles unpaced.

Go Up for Life.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 26.—In the superior court Judge Pond sentenced Cornelius P. Hardigan, well known pugilist, and Wm. P. O'Dwyer, compositor, both of Waltham, to life imprisonment, they having pleaded guilty to assaulting and robbing Charles H. Teel, an old wealthy Waltham farmer, about two months ago. The robbers gave Mr. Teel a terrible beating.

A Texas Hanging.

HOUSTON, Tex., June 26.—Jim Williamson, a young man, was hanged Friday at Wharton for his complicity in the murder of the Crocker family last May. Williamson's nerve failed him at the last and it was necessary to twice inject strychnine into him to enable him to mount the scaffold.

Wm. L. Winans Dead.

LONDON, June 26.—Wm. Louis Winans, of Baltimore, Md., is dead. He was 75 years of age. Mr. Winans was a member of the celebrated Winans firm that constructed the St. Petersburg & Moscow railroad in Russia.

WABASH WRECK.

The Remains of the Seven Victims Shipped to St. Louis.

A Brave Farmer's Unsuccessful Effort to Flag the Train—Nearly One-Half the Mail on the Train Lost or Destroyed—Clearing Away the Wreck.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 28.—Seven coffins were forwarded to St. Louis Sunday from Missouri City. They contained the remains of victims of Saturday night's wreck on the Wabash road. A correct list of the dead is as follows: W. S. Mills, postal clerk; O. M. Smith, postal clerk; Gustave A. Smith, postal clerk; Charles Winters, postal clerk; F. W. Brink, postal clerk; Edward Grindrod, baggageman; Chas. Gresley, brakeman; all of St. Louis.

The conductor of the train, G. C. Copeland, of St. Louis, who was reported Saturday night among the dead, is still alive. He was removed Sunday morning to the railroad hospital at Moberly. With a fractured skull and several broken ribs he lingers between life and death, but the surgeons express a hope that he will recover.

Of the 19 others injured not one is in a critical condition, though many of them were thrown three-quarters of the length of the coaches in which they were riding. Mrs. W. H. Wilkinson, of Kansas City, is the most seriously hurt. Two small bones of her left hand are broken and she suffered a severe laceration of the thigh as well as bruises about the face and neck. The wounds of most of the others are trivial.

All indications are that death came to at least four of the five unfortunate mail clerks almost instantly. Their car pitched end first through the break in the trestle, and they must have been drowned in the raging stream while in an unconscious condition. The remains of the four were carried from the wreck and were recovered some distance down the stream.

Sunday but a small stream was flowing beneath the trestle where the wreck occurred. In ordinary weather it is a dry creek bed. The storm of Saturday night, which was almost a cloud-burst, had swollen the little stream to torrential proportions. The flood carried away a wagon bridge a short distance above the Wabash trestle. The wreck of this bridge was hurled down upon the railroad trestle and carried away a row of wooden supports in the center.

A neighboring farmer noticed the perilous condition of the trestle and resolved to flag the passenger train, which he knew to be about due. For nearly an hour he stood there in the terrific down-pour of rain, only to fail at last in his good intentions, for when the Wabash Co.'s New York fast mail came thundering on the storm was almost blinding, and the engineer evidently could not see the signal which the farmer so frantically waved across the track.

The locomotive struck the trestle; a moment later the disaster was presented in all its horrors. The engine passed over, but the tender went through with the tumbling bridge. The baggage car toppled off on its side, while the mail car which followed pitched into the stream end first. Every life in this car was lost. The smoker, next behind, followed. It was in this car that Conductor Copeland was riding. The other occupants escaped serious injury. The chair car next behind also plunged in upon the mass of wreckage end first and all its passengers were thrown to the forward end in an indescribable heap. How they escape with no more serious injury is a mystery. The front end of the sleeping next in the rear jammed into the protruding end of the chair car, and thus was prevented from following the others into the chasm. The two excursion spring coaches in the rear remained on the track.

The scene of the wreck, which is 21 miles northeast of Kansas City, near Missouri City station, was visited Sunday by many persons. A wrecking train worked there all day, repairing the trestle and raising the shattered coaches, and Sunday night trains are moving over the road as usual.

The postal authorities report that probably nearly all of the mail carried on the train was lost or destroyed. PERILS OF THE SEA.

The Loss of the Bark Traveller and Death of the Crew.

PHILADELPHIA, June 28.—The details of the recent total loss of the Philadelphia-bound British sugar-laden bark Traveller, Capt. Christie, at Port Maburin, Rodriguez island, and the death from Java fever of ten members of her crew, including Capt. Christie, have just been received at this port from Mauritius and bring to light one of the most thrilling cases of shipwreck and suffering in the annals of shipping. Two of the sailors, driven to desperation by witnessing the sufferings of their shipmates, committed suicide by leaping overboard, preferring death in this way rather than from the ravages of the fever which they felt was sure to overtake them.

Takes Morphine by Mistake.

PADUCAH, Ky., June 28.—Miss Delia Barnes, daughter of Councilman Geo. Barnes, died Sunday morning from an overdose of morphine. The family say it was taken by mistake.

Double Drowning in the Ohio.

CINCINNATI, June 28.—Geo. Loewenstein, Chas. Keith, of this city, and Edward Keene, of Covington, Ky., were in a boat on the Ohio river Sunday afternoon. The boat was capsized by the swells of a passing steamer and Loewenstein and Keith were drowned.

Foley Estate Case Settled.

RENO, Nev., June 28.—The Foley estate case, one of the most important that has been tried in Washoe county in years, has been decided. The jury found the eastern heirs were entitled to one-half of the estate of the dead senator.

KEY WEST, FLA.

The City Virtually in the Hands of a Negro Mob—One White Man Killed.

KEY WEST, Fla., June 28.—This city was virtually in the hands of a Negro mob Thursday night and a white citizen was killed by the mob. At 4 p.m. Thursday, Silvanus Johnson, charged with assault on a white woman, Mrs. Margaret Atwell, was conducted to the courthouse for a hearing. The courtroom was crowded, and C. B. Pendleton, a well-known citizen, arose and asked:

"Are there enough white men present to hang the Negro?"

There was a chorus of "Yes," and the crowd closed in on the prisoner. The sheriff and his deputies drew their revolvers and held the crowd at bay while Johnson was at once hurried back to jail. A big mob gathered in front of the building, and one of the Negroes cried out to lynch Pendleton, and a rush was made for him. Through the efforts of himself and his friends, Pendleton made his escape in a carriage.

The Negro mob then gathered again before the jail building to prevent the lynching of Johnson, and often threats were made by them to kill any white man that might come to the jail. About 11 o'clock Friday night, Wm. Gardner, a white man, was sitting in front of the courthouse, when several of the Negro mob approached him and ordered him to move on. He arose to do so, and as soon as his back was turned there rang out the crack of a number of rifles, and Gardner received a mortal wound, from which he died two hours later.

The whites are inclined to avenge Gardner's death, and another attempt to Lynch Johnson is expected to be made. A serious conflict between the whites and the blacks is feared.

The militia is in readiness for any disturbance, having been ordered out by the governor, and the United States troops are at the orders of the sheriff.

A MOB

At Crystal Springs, Miss., Disposes of a Negro Murderer—Taken From Jail and Hanged Before the State Troops Arrived.

JACKSON, Miss., June 28.—The Crystal Springs mob which assembled to hang William Mosley, colored, for the murder of John H. Strong, white, got its man at 9:45 Friday morning and lynched him. Acting Gov. Jones was found at 8 o'clock Friday and wired Adj. Gen. Henry to send troops. The Capital light guards of Jackson, were at the depot preparing to go by special train when, at 9:30, came a telegram that the Negro was dead. The troops disbanded.

The crime for which the Negro was lynched was most cowardly. He asked permission to ride with Mr. Strong, who had been to Crystal Springs and sold \$8.55 worth of tomatoes. He crawled into the wagon, brained the old man with a stick, robbed the body, took to the woods and let the team go home with the corpse.

After three days' search the murderer was captured.

The mob was small, and, had the troops been ordered Thursday night, it could have been thwarted easily. But neither the governor nor lieutenant governor could be reached Thursday night.

CLARK LEWIS

Pays the Penalty at Fayetteville, W. Va., for a Series of Crimes.

FAYETTEVILLE, W. Va., June 28.—Clark Lewis was hanged at 1:45 p.m. (eastern time) Friday. He died in 12 minutes.

At noon there were 10,000 people in this place to witness the hanging of Clark Lewis, and the streets were filled with vehicles of all kinds.

A mountain hanging is a sight that one will never forget. People came from everywhere, and the natural amphitheater surrounding the scaffold was filled to overflowing by 1 o'clock.

Conspicuous in the crowd was Lebbie Lawson, of Loup Creek, ten miles away, a woman who chews tobacco like a man. She has not missed a hanging in the last 20 years.

At 12:30 Sheriff McVeigh and his aid, J. R. Koontz, adjusted the rope on the scaffold and looped it well.

Rev. Light, Farr and Adams spent the entire time with the condemned man. Before being led to the scaffold Lewis said that he would advise all young men to leave women alone, for they were what brought him to the gallows. He had no use for his brother Wiley and frankly said so.

A Hanging at St. Joseph, Mo.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 26.—James Pollard, colored, was hanged in the jail yard in this city Friday for the murder of Joseph Irvin, also colored. Pollard was pronounced dead in 20 minutes. The murder was committed in July, 1895. Pollard had threatened to kill Dave Irvin and sent to the home of the Irwins at dark one night. Finding the family at supper, he fired at Dave Irvin, but missed him, killing the latter's brother Joseph.

Died on the Gallows.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 26.—Terrell Hudson, a Negro who was to have been hanged two weeks ago for murder, but who was reprieved at the last moment by Gov. Atkinson, died on the gallows at Decatur Friday. The drop fell at 11:46 1/2 and 14 minutes later Hudson was pronounced dead, the fall having broken his neck. Hudson killed Seaborn Malcolm, another Negro, in a quarrel about a rabbit dog.

They Were Released.

KEY WEST, Fla., June 26.—The crew and the Cubans who were on board the Dauntless, and who were Thursday arrested, were Friday discharged by U. S. Commissioner Julius Otto, on the grounds that there was no evidence to show that they were a military organization or intending to commit acts hostile to Spain.

A Valuable Book.

LONDON, June 26.—A set of works of Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, printed on vellum, and of the date 1483, brought £800 at the Ashburnham sale Friday.

THE BABY'S CHARMS.

Come here, my drowsy-eyed darling, and cuddle in mother's arms, while she makes up a song for bedtime about her baby's charms.

Oh, what a cunning dimple here in the baby's chin! I know what it was made for—just to put kisses in!

The eyes that are smiling in mine, dear, are violet winsome and blue. Sweetest of all sweet flowers, here's a long, sweet kiss for you.

And the cheeks of the baby are roses, and mother's lips are bees. That will gather the honey of Hybla from such rare flowers as these.

Rosy and plump little fingers, chubby and dear little toes— Which a mother loves best, dear, never a mother knows!

A kiss for each dainty finger, a hug for each dimpled toe. May God show the feet of my baby the one right way to go.

Ah, but the sleepy blossoms of my baby's blue eyes close; Mother will shut them with kisses above the cheeks' red rose.

Sleep, and dream sweetly, darling, in the cradle of my arms. While the song sinks into silence that was woven of baby's charms.

—Eben E. Rexford, in *Ladies' World*.

CAPTAIN CLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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XV.

Those were the days which but foreshadowed the letter de cachet episodes of the winter of 1870-71. Never an ornamental, never a social, and often an embarrassing feature of garrison life, the first lieutenant of Company G had been laboring under the further disadvantage of a six months' absence from the post of the regimental colors. There were many to speak against and none to speak for him. His singular habits and characteristics, the rumors in circulation with regard to his "saving" propensities when on bureau duty, and the queer "yarns" in circulation as to his disposition of the property of the officers who had died on his hands during the fever epidemic, had all received additional impetus from the publication in northern papers of the Parmelee side of the Tugalo stories, and Close's name was on the regimental market at low quotation, even before the announcement of his arrest. But this was not all. For months the regimental commander had been the recipient of frequent letters from two despairing widows, relicts of the late Capt. Stone and Lieut. Tighe, which letters claimed that their husbands had died possessed of certain items of personal property—watches, jewelry, money, martial equipments, etc.—of which Capt. Close had assumed charge and for only a very small portion of which he had ever rendered account. They, with other ladies of the regiment, had been sent north when it became apparent that an epidemic was probable; they had never met Capt. Close, but were confident, from the unsatisfactory nature of his replies, and from all they could learn about him from the letters they received from the regiment, that he was robbing the widow and the orphan, and they appealed to the colonel for redress.

Now, old Braxton knew almost as little of Close as did they. He asked his adjutant and one or two captains what they thought; he had a letter written to Close telling him of these allegations and calling for his version of the matter. It did not come, and another letter—a "chaser"—was sent, demanding immediate reply, and nearly a week elapsed before reply came. Close wrote a laboring hand, and for all official matter employed the company clerk as amanuensis. This being personal, he spent hours in copying his reply. He said he was tired of answering the letters of Mesdames Stone and Tighe on this subject. He had sent them inventories of everything of which their husbands died possessed, and had remitted every cent he had realized from the sales thereof. Only one of them had a watch. If either had ever owned diamond studs, as was alleged, he, Close, had never seen them, nor the hundreds of dollars alleged to be in their possession, nor the company fund for which Stone was accountable. In point of fact, he, Close, was compelled to say he did not believe the ladies knew what their husbands did or did not have. He was ready to make oath as to the truth of his story, and Hospital Steward Griffin and Dr. Meigs could also testify that the deceased officers had hardly any effects to speak of—could they only be found. But thereby hung a tale of further trouble. Meigs himself had died of the fever, and Griffin, after a fitful career, had been found guilty of all manner of theft and dishonesty, as to hospital stores in his charge, and was himself languishing in dishonorable discharge, a prisoner at Ship island. Here Close thought to end it all, but the widows—sisters they were, who were born in the laundry's quarters of old Fort Fillmore and had followed the drum all over Texas and New Mexico before the war—had wedded strapping sergeants and seen their spouses raised to the shoulder-straps in the depleted state of the regular army during the four years of volunteer supremacy—the widows were now backed by a priest and a pettifogger, and mindful of the success achieved by such proceeding when led by a name of their own nationality, were determined to "push things." When December came, such was the accumulation of charge and specification against the absent and friendless officer that old Braxton took the simplest way out of it and applied for a court-martial to try the case.

The day after Christmas, therefore, and before the official copy of the order was received at the barracks (as, oddly, often happened in those times, until the leak was discovered and duly plugged),

the New Orleans evening papers contained the following interesting item:

"A general court-martial of unusual importance is to be held at the barracks, the session to commence at ten a.m. on the 2d of January, for the trial of Brevet Capt. J. P. Close, of the tenth infantry, on charges seriously reflecting upon his character as an officer and a gentleman. The detail for the court comprises officers of several other regiments, as it is conceded that there is a widespread prejudice against the accused among his comrades in the tenth. Even the light battery has been drawn upon in this instance, an unusual circumstance, as officers of that arm generally claim exemption from such service in view of the peculiar and engrossing nature of their battery duties. Brevet Brig. Gen. Pike, of the tenth cavalry, is detailed as president, and First Lieut. S. K. Waring, of the tenth artillery, as judge advocate of the court. The latter officer will be remembered as the hero of a remarkable adventure in connection with the recent cause celebre, the Lascelles affair."

"Well, may I be kissed to death!" exclaimed Capt. Lively, of the Foot, as he burst into the messroom that evening. "Just listen to this, will you! Old Close to be tried by court-martial—with New Clothes for judge advocate!" "New Clothes," it is understood, was a name under which Mr. Waring was beginning to be known, thanks to his unwillingness to appear a second time in any garment of the fashion of the day.

"By gad, if I were the old man I'd object to the J. A. on the ground of natural antipathy!" said Mr. Burton; and among the men present, some of whom had been the colonel's advisers in drawing up the charges, there were half a score who seemed to think that poor Close could hope for no fair play now. It was then that Maj. Kinsey, red-faced and impetuous, burst in with the rebuke that became a classic in the annals of the old barracks:

"Fair play be damned, and you fellows, too! What fair play has the man had at your hands? It's my belief that he never would get it but for the fact that Waring is detailed."

The sensation Kinsey's outbreak created was mild compared with that caused by Close's appearance before a grave and dignified court in the week that followed. On the principle of "a clean sweep," it had been determined to arraign him on charges covering the allegations as to his official misconduct in failing or refusing to support the federal authorities during the late disturbances. "Might as well get rid of him for good and all," said old Braxton. And so the array of charges was long and portentous. So was the bill for transportation and per diem of civilian witnesses the government afterwards had to pay. So was Braxton's face when, the evidence for the prosecution exhausted without proving much of anything, the testimony for the defense began to be unfolded. It transpired that Mr. Waring had gone up to headquarters on the evening of the 1st of January and formally asked the general commanding to be relieved from duty as judge advocate and allowed to defend the accused. The general was astonished, and asked why. Then Waring laid before him piece by piece the evidence he had collected as a result of his investigation, and the chief ripped out something old Braxton and his adjutant might have been startled to hear, but, after thinking it all over, told Waring to go ahead, try the case, "exhaust the evidence" and never mind the consequences. He sent his aid-de-camp down to say to Close that any officer whose assistance he desired should be assigned amicus curiae. Close replied that he "reckoned he could git along without any amicus curiae, whatever that was—he'd talked it over with Mr. Waring and Mr. Pierce;" and the trial went on.

Parmelee was the first witness to flatten out and go to pieces, and the only one who had anything but "hearsay" to offer on the score of official neglects. The widows were the next. They began truculently and triumphantly enough, but the cross-examination reduced them to contradictions and tears. It became evident that most of Stone's company fund went north with one of them, that the alleged diamonds were paste and that both Stone and Tighe had been gambling and drinking for months previous to their fatal seizure. It was established that, so far from having defrauded the widows of their money, the old fellow had sent them each \$100 over and above the proceeds of the meager sales, besides accounting for, as sold at fair valuation, items he never disposed of until Lambert bought them.

Then when it came to testimony as to war and other service, Close sat there, blind, bandaged, scarred, and little Pierce, who had volunteered as "amycus" anyhow, unrolled one letter after another and laid them on the table, and they went the rounds of the court until old Pike choked them off by saying they couldn't well attach the accused's scars and wounds to the records, any more than these letters: he was ready to vote, unless the gentleman himself desired to say something—had some statement to offer. How was that Mr. Judge Advocate? And Waring turned to Pierce, who was beginning to unroll a batch of manuscript, to which he had devoted two sleepless nights and in which he had lavished satire and sarcasm by the page upon all enemies or accusers of his client. Pierce meant it to be the sensation of the day, and the court was crowded to hear him read it, despite the significant absence of Braxton and his now confounded advisers. Braxton already was in deep distress, the victim of overweening confidence in the statements of his associates. "Upon my soul, general," he had said to Pike, "the result of this trial already makes me feel as though I, not Close, were the criminal." And Pierce fully meant to "show up" the scandal-mongers in the case, placing the blame on them and not their colonel.

But it was not to be. Old Close put forth a bandaged hand and restrained

him. "I've been thinking that all over," he said, "and I'll just say a word instid." With that he slowly found his feet and the green patch over his eyes was brought to bear on the court. The silence of midnight fell on the crowded room, as, leaning on the back of his chair, the accused stood revealed in the worn old single-breasted coat, the coarse trousers and shoes, so long associated with him. He cleared his throat and then faltered. He did not know how to begin. At last the words came—slowly, and with many a hitch and stumble:

"You see, it's this way, Gen. Pike and gentlemen of the court. I never knew anything about what was expected of a regular officer, 't I wouldn't have tried it. All I knew was what I'd seen durin' the war, when they didn't seem to be so different from the rest of us. I was bred on the farm; never had no education; had to work like a horse ever since I was weaned, almost, not only for my own livin', but—but there was the mother, and, as I grew up, the hull care of the farm fell on me, for my father never was strong, and he broke down entirely. When he died there warn't nothing left but a mortgage. There was the mother and four kids to be fed on that. For 20 years, from boy to man, there never was a time a copper didn't look as big as a cartwheel to me; and when a man's been brought up that way he don't outrun it all of a sudden. I've built the mother a home of her own, and paid off the mortgage and stocked the farm, and educated the youngsters and seen them married off, and now I 'low they'll expect me to educate the children. When a hull family grows up around one bread-winner it comes natural for the next generation to live on him too. I couldn't ha' gone to the war only Billy—he's the next boy—was big enough to take care o' things once the mortgage was paid, and afterwards I jined the army—the riggers—because it looked to me like they got bigger pay for less work than any trade I ever heard of out our way. I'm sorry I did it, 'cause so long's there's no more fightin' I seem to be in the way; but I don't want to quit"—and here the rugged old fellow seemed to expand by at least a foot—"and I don't mean to quit except honorable. There ain't a man livin'—not a woman either—can truthfully say I ever defrauded them of a cent."

And then Close felt for the chair from which he had unconsciously advanced, and which Pierce hastened to push forward. The sensation Close's appearance created was mild compared with that caused by Close's appearance before a grave and dignified court in the week that followed. On the principle of "a clean sweep," it had been determined to arraign him on charges covering the allegations as to his official misconduct in failing or refusing to support the federal authorities during the late disturbances. "Might as well get rid of him for good and all," said old Braxton. And so the array of charges was long and portentous. So was the bill for transportation and per diem of civilian witnesses the government afterwards had to pay. So was Braxton's face when, the evidence for the prosecution exhausted without proving much of anything, the testimony for the defense began to be unfolded. It transpired that Mr. Waring had gone up to headquarters on the evening of the 1st of January and formally asked the general commanding to be relieved from duty as judge advocate and allowed to defend the accused. The general was astonished, and asked why. Then Waring laid before him piece by piece the evidence he had collected as a result of his investigation, and the chief ripped out something old Braxton and his adjutant might have been startled to hear, but, after thinking it all over, told Waring to go ahead, try the case, "exhaust the evidence" and never mind the consequences. He sent his aid-de-camp down to say to Close that any officer whose assistance he desired should be assigned amicus curiae. Close replied that he "reckoned he could git along without any amicus curiae, whatever that was—he'd talked it over with Mr. Waring and Mr. Pierce;" and the trial went on.

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Barton Potts. Here the warin, soft, salty breezes seemed to bring new lease of life to the beloved invalid, though it was plain to one and all she could never be herself again. Scrogs, her kinsman son-in-law, was rapidly mending and eagerly casting about for employment. Floyd, restored to duty without trial, was serving patiently and faithfully with his regiment in Texas, bent evidently on making good his words. The two events which seemed to bring general cheer and rejoicing to the household were those which three months before would have been promptly derided as absurd and impossible; one was the weekly letter from a trooper in the union blue, the other a much rarer visit from a Yankee subaltern, whose profession was not to be disguised because he was in "cits". On the occasion of his first appearance in that garb Miss Walton did him the honor to say: "Ah never did like you, but Ah do think those clothes wusbbe than the others." This was rather hard, because, as the spring came on, Lambert's lot at the barracks was not as pleasant as it might have been, and his comfort consisted in running over to see how Madam Walton was doing.

Cram and his battery, with Waring, Pierce, and all, had been ordered away, and then for the first time Lambert realized, what his regimental comrades had marked for months, that he preferred the companionship of the battery men to that of the men who wore the bugle, the badge of the infantry in those benighted days. Old Braxton concluded he had had enough of garrison life, and sought a long leave. Maj. Minor took command of the regiment and post, and the adjutant and quartermaster took command of Maj. Minor. It had neither been forgiven nor forgotten by these staff officials that Lambert had been equally outspoken in defense of Close and denunciation of his accusers, and the further fact that he preferred to spend his leisure hours with his fellow-graduates of the artillery rather than his congenial brethren of the tenth gave the offended ones abundant material to work on. Minor was a weakling—a bureau officer during the war days, a man who could muster and disburse without a flaw, but never set a squadron in the field without a "fluke." Lambert was a capital drill-master and tactician, and "G" company, under his instruction, was rapidly overhauling every other in the regiment, even those of Kinsey and Lively, the two real soldiers among the captains. Minor hated the sight of a page of tactics, and never even held dress parade. Lambert had a clear, ringing voice, and Minor couldn't make himself heard. One morning the orderly came to Lambert at company drill with "the major's compliments, and please to take company 'G' outside the garrison, or make less noise." It was the adjutant's doing, as things turned out afterwards, but it angered Lambert against the commander.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR POOR SPELLERS.

Consolation for Those Who Are Weak in Orthography.

A perfect mastery of orthography is not essential to goodness of heart or strength of intellect, but it is eminently desirable, nevertheless, and all young people should be taught so to regard it. And yet, if a man is one of the unfortunate who possesses no spelling gift, it may not be wrong for him to console himself with the knowledge that he is by no means alone in his infirmity.

Editors, of all men, know that weakness of that kind may consist with much learning and an excellent English style. Some of their favorite contributors—school-teachers, professors and even college presidents—are given to expressing their most original thoughts in equally original orthography. In part this may be due to hasty writing, but when the same word is misspelled throughout an entire manuscript, some less charitable explanation is forced upon the reader.

In old times, as is well known, the most scholarly men spelled very much as they pleased. Dr. Samuel Johnson was perhaps the first—exactly he was among the first—to "setorthography on a sure footing," and it is the more surprising, therefore, to find him one of the worst offenders.

Dr. Hill, in his edition of Dr. Johnson's letters, remarks upon this singular fact, and cites a long list of examples, worthy of a very dull schoolboy: "Persuase," "I cannot butt," "happyest," "Fryday," "panflets," "inventer," "barel," "acknowledgement," "disresful," "Plimouth," "imbecillity," "enervaiting," "devide," "illness."

We quote these, not that any youthful reader should excuse his own ignorance by an appeal to the great lexicographer's example, but as a curious instance of human frailty, and as a possible comfort to elderly scholars from whom nature has withheld an orthographical memory. —*Youth's Companion*.

Irrelevant Questions.

Here is a story told by a relative of Lady Langford, the original of *Lady Kew in Thackeray's "Newcomes"*: "Lady Langford had only once seen her cousin, Lord Langford, when he came to visit her grandmother, and the next day the old lady told her she was to marry him. 'Very well, grandmamma,' said the grandmother; 'what business is it of yours when you are to marry him? You will marry him when I tell you. However, whenever you hear me order six horses to the carriage, you may know that you are going to be married.' And so it was." —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

You Know What Followed.

Mrs. Browne (in great haste to go to his office)—Where on earth is my razor? I can't find it anywhere!

Browne, Jr.—If you mean your whisker knife, papa, I know where it is, and it's awful sharp, 'cause it cuts boards dandy.—*Up-to-Date*.

CREATURES KEPT IN DARKNESS.

Scientific Efforts Made to Make Their Eyes Gradually Disappear.

A subterranean laboratory, which is to serve a purpose of the greatest scientific interest and importance, was inaugurated recently at the Jardin des Plantes. Certain animals are to be placed there and deprived of all light, with the object of noting the slow transformation which it is expected they will undergo under their changed conditions of life.

The underground passages which are being employed for this strange purpose were discovered only last year and date from Roman times. The idea of using them as a laboratory is due to Armand Vire, who has made numerous researches on the subject of cave-dwelling animals, notably in the Jura district.

The curator of the museum and about 50 guests were present at the inauguration of the laboratory. Access is gained to the catacombs by a number of stone steps which lead about 12 meters down until the principal room of the laboratory is reached, a curious, round chamber, the roof of which is supported in the center by an enormous column of stone. On all sides are stone tables on which are huge bottles and reservoirs, continually supplied with fresh water, in which are dozens of tritons, salamanders and fish of all kinds. Gallery after gallery is fitted up in a simple manner with stone tables and every moment something of interest catches the eye in the dim light from the candles. In curiously constructed cages are rats, pigs and other animals which are being put to the test of obscurity. Already they have apparently become accustomed to their new life.

The light from the candles frightens them and they scurry away for protection to the darkest corner of their prison. The visit which was paid to the catacombs of the Jardin des Plantes will be the last for many a day. Only very occasionally will an official descend into these underground passages with a red lamp to take food for the animals, and more rarely still will Armand Vire and his colleagues visit the laboratory. In the case of cave-dwelling animals very often the eye, having become useless, has totally disappeared, while antennae, or feelers, have developed. Unfortunately, scientific men have only been able up to the present to observe these extreme types—the normally constituted animal, the cave dweller. No intermediary type is known. The establishment of the subterranean laboratory of the Jardin des Plantes will, it is hoped, permit of the "creation" of these intermediary types, the minute study of the phenomena of transformation, the atrophy of certain senses and the hypertrophy of others.—N. Y. Herald.

EELS AND HORSESHOE CRABS.

Harvest for Fisherman Provided by Desire to Eat Without Labor.

Horseshoe crabs come up on sandy beaches at half tide, and bury or partially bury themselves in the sand, making holes or nests in which they deposit their eggs. Usually the crab goes out with the same tides, and mingles with the eggs in the nest and the tide washes it smooth across the top. In a beach half a mile long and 15 or 20 feet wide there might be thousands of nests of horseshoe crab eggs, no more visible to the eye, however, than if they were not there at all. If they are not disturbed the eggs hatch out and later the water along the edge swims with tiny horseshoe crabs.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

Royal Baking Powder CO., New York.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

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Gov. Boies' Opinion.

An Associated Press dispatch yesterday afternoon quotes Gov. Horace Boies as follows:

WATERLOO, IA., June 28.—"For one, I do not believe it possible to succeed upon a platform that demands the unqualified free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 with gold. We have fought that battle and it is lost. We can never be fought over under circumstances more favorable to ourselves. If we hope to succeed we must abandon this extreme demand."

It is telegraphed from Louisville that Congressman John S. Rhea is to be a candidate against Blackburn to succeed Senator Lindsay. It is claimed that Rhea has pledged the solid support of the Western Kentucky members of the Legislature.

It is said that Japan bases its opposition to the annexation of Hawaii to the United States on the ground that such annexation is an interference with the treaty rights of the Japanese Government. The Japanese insist that they have no designs on Hawaii.

The Republicans of Scott county instructed their delegates to the Republican State Convention to support fusion with the National Democrats upon a candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

A remarkable thing happened to one of the forty-five States last year. The revenue of New Hampshire exceeded the expenditures \$150,000.—[Exchange.]

Brutus J. Clay was offered his choice of South American and Central American missions not yet disposed of, but declined with thanks.

Gov. Ferrall, of Virginia, accompanied by his staff and a party of guests, visited the Mammoth Cave last week.

JUDGE M. H. HOUSTON, of Ashland, has announced himself as a silver candidate for Governor of Kentucky.

FAILING to pay expenses, the *Bluegrass Blade* has made its last appearance. May it be a long time dead.

WHEEL NOTES.

Lines About Devotees Of The Wheel, At Home And Elsewhere.

The latest fad is progressive bicycling, says the *Courier-Journal*. A party of twelve, say, will start at a given point, with the couples a certain distance apart. When a mile, or less, has been completed, the first man will drop back to the sixth girl, allowing each man to move up to the girl immediately preceding him. At the next mile Mr. Two will take his place at the end of the line and Mr. Three rides with Miss One. In this way every girl has a chat with every man, and there is no chance for a monopoly in any direction.

Six hundred Philadelphia cyclers started on a double century run and 150 completed the journey.

THE pictures being given away by Davis, Thomson & Isgrig are works of art and an ornament to any house.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
DR.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Waiting For Plums.

They've fingered low in Washington,
But now each brave Kentucky son
Knows all things don't go as stated.
A foreign mission just his size,
Brought cheery smiles to his face,
Until he found to his surprise
That he just
wasn't
in
the
race.

Three months the boys have lingered,
Waiting and sly to have been lowered,
Plucked are plums they would have fingered
In pledge their baggage lies for board.
They've given up thoughts of mission
And now are madly on the chase,
And each day they're fondly wishin'
They could get
any
old
place.

A Pioneer's Grave.

For more than a hundred years the remains of the Kentucky pioneer and Indian fighter, Edward Boone, a brother of Daniel Boone, have rested under the sward of a Bluegrass pasture on the farm of Capt. Will Burris on Cane Ridge, in Bourbon county. The grave has never been marked save with a piece of limestone rock, and time has obliterated any inscriptions which may have been placed by friends in remembrance on the stone. The body of Edward Boone was consigned to a grave made by his companions under a buckeye tree on the banks of Boone's creek, which sometimes covers the grave after heavy rains in the spring. After interring Boone his friends placed a limestone rock at the head of the grave, and then carved on the buckeye tree the single word, "Boone," which is yet discernible to a visitor to the grave.

It is related that Edward Boone was shot and killed by Indians while he was seated in this tree watching for buffaloes to come to a spring which bubbled from the ground just a few feet distant from the buckeye tree. The trace made by droves of buffaloes is to this day clearly defined near this neglected grave, and with little difficulty may be followed for several miles. It is evidently a portion of the trace which extends from Clark county through Bourbon to Stamping Ground, in Scott county, so called from the fact that the latter section was the stamping ground for buffaloes.

Near the Boone grave is also quite an extensive cave, which was doubtless frequented by the Boones and their companions when they hunted bear and deer in the famous canebrakes on Cane Ridge, or camped while traveling from the fort at Boonesboro to Blue Lick Springs. It is indeed fitting that Bourbon county, being the scene of so many incidents in the lives of the Boones, should be the last resting place of so noted a pioneer, but it is also, a lack of respect that the grave should be permitted to remain overgrown, forgotten and neglected. It is suggested that the grave be appropriately marked by order of the Governor, or that the remains be removed to the cemetery at Frankfort, and placed by the side of Daniel Boone. [Walter Champ in *Courier Journal*.]

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

The *Pantograph* says that Richmond will not have a fair this year.

Ornament, Typhoon and Buckvidere will meet in a special race at Detroit.

J. W. Thomas, Jr., sold fourteen hds. of tobacco last week at Cincinnati at an average of \$18.23.

A brother of the famous Ornament, by imp. Order—Victorine, sold at New York Friday for \$10,000. The purchaser was J. S. Curtis, millionaire living at Johannesburg, South Africa.

In the fifteen stakes races for the fall meeting of the Louisville Driving and Fair Association there are 467 entries, the largest number in the history of any racing association in the country.

Julius Dutschke, of Breckinridge county, sold his early harvest apples last week at \$1 for the fill of the barrel. He will have between 300 and 500 barrels. Last year the same kind of apples sold for forty cents a barrel.

Ornament won the St. Louis Derby over a heavy track Saturday in 2:51. Buckvidere finished second and Typhoon II, the winner of the Kentucky Derby, was third. These were the only starters, and Ornament won easily by five lengths.

The \$10,000 Oakley Derby to be run Thursday will have the following probable starters: Ornament 127, Dr. Catlett 117, Tilly 122, Boanerges 122, King's Counsel 117, Tupelo 117, Fleischman 112, Dr. Wamsley 112, Meadowthorpe 112. The horse finishing second will get \$750, and the third horse \$250.

THAT rasping in the throat is a fore-runner of lung irritation. In such cases Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey gives almost instant relief. It is fast becoming famous as a remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs.

Yesterday's Temperature.

The following is the temperature as noted yesterday by A. J. Winters & Co. of this city:

| | |
|---------------|----|
| 7 a. m. | 68 |
| 8 a. m. | 73 |
| 9 p. m. | 74 |
| 10 a. m. | 78 |
| 11 a. m. | 80 |
| 12 m. | 82 |
| 2 p. m. | 84 |
| 4 p. m. | 87 |
| 5 p. m. | 88 |
| 6 p. m. | 82 |
| 7 p. m. | 80 |

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind Bleeding, Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumor and allays the Itching. It is a safe and positive remedy for piles. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by druggists sent by mail or express. Price \$1.00 per box. W. T. Brooks, druggist.



The Gun Goes Off

instantly when you pull the trigger. So sickness may come on suddenly. But it takes time to load the gun, and it takes time to get ready for those explosions called diseases. Coughs, colds, any "attack," whatever the subject be, often means preceding weakness and poor blood.

Are you getting thin? Is your appetite poor? Are you losing that snap, energy and vigor that make "clear-headedness"? Do one thing: build up your whole system with SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil. It is the essence of nourishment. It does not nauseate, does not trouble the stomach. And it replaces all that disease robs you of.

A book telling more about it sent free. Ask for it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Niagara Falls \$8.10.

Round trip at this rate from Georgetown, July 8, Q. and C. Route, C. H. and D. and Michigan Central.

Through trains to Cincinnati connect with special Niagara trains, Cincinnati to the Falls, with comfortable day coaches and through sleeping cars, tickets good to return until July 14.

That widely-traveled and judiciously-minded British novelist, Anthony Trollope, wrote to the London Times many years ago:

"Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see—at least of all those which I have seen—I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights, I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues and wonders of art made by men's hands and also all beauties of nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of his creatures. This is a long word; but, as far as my taste and judgment go, it is justified. I know no other one thing so beautiful so glorious and so powerful."

This, the first low rate of this year, gives a rare opportunity to visit this the world's greatest natural wonder. Ask Q. and C. agents about it, or write to Chas. W. Zell, D. P. A., Fontr and Race, Cincinnati.

W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

FOR RENT.—The desirable 7-room, two-story brick residence, corner of Seventh and High street; bath room; good cistern, etc. Apply to the Citizens' Bank for further particulars. (ff)

ICIPIENT consumption is cured with Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. Inflammation is allayed and the clogging of the lungs is stopped. When this is accomplished the road to health is a straight one. Get a bottle to-day.

D. F. SIMMONS

Of Hockingport, O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Hockingport, O., August 14, '96. To the Wright Medical Co., Columbus, Ohio.

GENTLEMEN: I have been using Wright's Celery Capsules for stomach trouble and constipation for some three months, and find them even greater than recommended. With pleasure, and unsolicited, I would recommend them to the suffering public.

Yours very truly,

D. F. SIMMONS.

Sold by W. T. Brooks at 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, Ohio, for trial size, free.

MOTHER!

There is no word so full of meaning and about which such tender and holy recollections cluster as that of "MOTHER"—she who watched over our helpless infancy and guided our first tottering step. Yet the life of every expectant Mother is beset with danger and all effort should be made to avoid it.

so assists nature in the change-taking place that the expectant Mother is enabled to look forward without

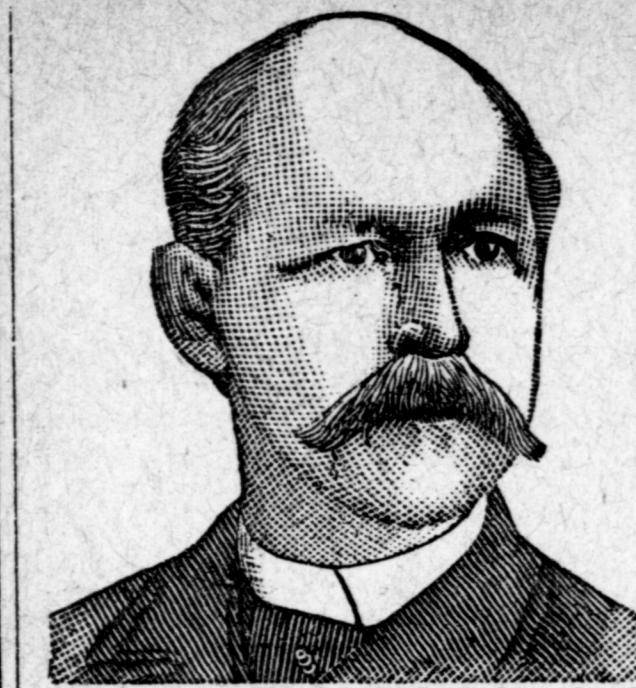
dread, suffering or gloomy forebodings, to the hour when she experiences the joy of Motherhood. Its use insures safety to the lives of both Mother and Child, and she is found stronger after than before confinement—in short, it "makes childbirth natural and easy," as so many have said. Don't be persuaded to use anything but

MOTHER'S FRIEND

"My wife suffered more in ten minutes with either of her other two children than she did altogether with her last, having previously used four bottles of 'Mother's Friend.' It is a blessing to any one expecting to become 'MOTHER'" says a customer.

HENDERSON DALE, Carlin, Illinois.

Piles! Piles! Piles!



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE Best

For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has distanced all competitors.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made of the best material possible at these prices. Also, \$2.50 and \$2.00 shoes for men, \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 for boys.

W. L. Douglas shoes are endorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers as the best in quality and value, and are the only shoe ever offered at the prices.

They are made in all the latest shapes and styles, and of every variety of leather.

If dealer cannot supply you, write for catalogue to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

J. P. KIELY.

New Laundry Agency.

I HAVE secured the agency for the Winchester Power Laundry—first-class institution—and solicit a share of the public patronage. Work or orders left at Clarke & Clay's drug-store will receive immediate attention. Work called for and delivered promptly.

Respectfully,

(16ap-tf) BRUCE HOLLADAY.

Your Life Insured—1c. a Day.

OUR insurance is protected by bankable paper on the Capital City Bank of Columbus, O. There can be no stronger guarantee given you. We dare not use a bank's name without authority, if you doubt it, write them. Good health is the best life insurance. Wright's Celery Capsules gives you good health, they cure Liver, Kidney and Stomach trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation and Sick Headaches. 100 days' treatment costs 1c. a day. A sight draft on above bank, in every \$1 box, which brings your money back if we fail to cure you. Sold by W. T. Brooks, druggist.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.
[Payable in Advance.]
One year.....\$2.00 Six months.....\$1.00
NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

Baseball Results Yesterday.

Chicago 2, Louisville 7.
Boston 9, Brooklyn 8.
Baltimore 2, New York 4.
Washington 6, Philadelphia 7.
Pittsburg 2, Cleveland 12.
Cincinnati-St. Louis, Rain.

THE L. & N. depot is now lighted with electricity.

H. C. PETERS was Friday appointed postmaster at North Middletown.

THE Methodist Sunday School will be given a picnic Thursday in Mr. J. B. Kennedy's woodland, near this city.

THE trial of June Johnson for shooting Jeff Harris, was called in Judge Webb's court yesterday but was continued until Thursday, when Harris will probably be able to attend.

DR. ADALINE BELL, a graduate of the American School of Osteopathy, at Kirksville, Mo., will give a free talk on that treatment to ladies only, at the Hotel Windsor, at 3 p. m., Thursday, July 1. (1t)

FOR disorderly conduct and fighting Ida Smith, Fannie Turner and Fannie Hancock were each fined \$10.50 Saturday in Squire Lilleston's court. Being unable to pay the fine they were sent to repent in jail.

THE wheat crop now being harvested in Bourbon is good in quality and the yield promises to be large. None of the wheat has yet been offered so the price has not been set. The crop will likely be large all over Kentucky.

THE L. & N.'s earnings the third week of June were \$376,085, a decrease of \$7,133 as compared with the corresponding period a year ago. The freight earnings decreased \$17,100, but the passenger earnings show an increase of \$9,925.

A RARE instance of animal devotion occurred in this city yesterday. A Scotch terrier owned by Wm. Hukill, Jr., gave birth to a dead puppy which she carried away and buried. It was considered a very unusual occurrence.

A party to be composed of about twenty-five society young people of this city is being organized to spend a fortnight camping at Olympia. The members will meet to-night with the Misses McClinton, on Higgins avenue, to arrangements for the trip.

REV. RUTHERFORD DOUGLASS, of Nicholasville, preached at the Second Presbyterian Church Sunday morning. Rev. J. H. Reeves, of Flemingsburg, presiding elder of the Maysville district of the Methodist Conference, filled Eld. J. S. Sweeney's pulpit Sunday night.

MRS. JAMES LACY, of Cynthiana, attempted to suicide Friday night by cutting her throat. She has been despondent since Johnson Howe, colored, killed her son Chas. Lacy, on Christmas night. It will be remembered that Howe was confined in the Paris jail for safe keeping.

SEVERAL Kentucky exchanges seek to throw cold water on the Bourbon Circuit Court's record in convicting and sentencing two tollgate raiders, by saying that it is easy enough to convict a negro. The gentlemen of the press should know that Bourbon has no white raiders or her courts would have handled them just as severely. The two prisoners convicted were the sole participants in the only tollgate outrage perpetrated in Bourbon.

Sneak Thieves In Paris.

SNEAK thieves visited several residences on Duncan avenue last week. They climbed in an open window at R. J. Neely's and stole a pair of new kid gloves, and at Mr. John Gass' two suits of underwear belonging to boarders were stolen. Mr. Geo. Bell's house was also visited by the thief.

A New Grist Mill.

J. H. HIBLER & Co., the enterprising coal and commission men, yesterday commenced work on the foundation for a building to contain a complete grist mill of late improved pattern. All the necessary machinery, including engine, boiler, etc., have been purchased, and will arrive in a very few days, and the mill will be in operation in two weeks or less time. The mill will be located in an annex to their big warerooms, near the (Kentucky Midland) Cincinnati & Frankfort depot.

SHERMAN STIVERS has taken the agency for the Cincinnati Daily Times-Star, a most excellent paper, and will have it delivered to subscribers in any part of the city for six cents per week. He solicits your subscription. (tf)

NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Solemnizations Of The Marriage Vows.

A pleasant social sensation was created Thursday night at Versailles by the marriage of Mr. Theodore Harris and Miss Mamie Steel. They are spending the honeymoon above the clouds on Lookout Mountain.

The marriage of Mr. Alva T. Crawford, of this city, and Miss Fannie Pugh, daughter of Mr. Gus Pugh, of Shawan, will occur Wednesday evening, July 7th, at eight o'clock, at Mt. Carmel Church, near this city. The friends of the contracting parties are invited to attend.

Yesterday at Chattanooga Wm. Robertson and Miss Cynthia Kenna were married in a balloon and started on an aerial wedding trip. When the balloon was 100 feet high the bride became scared and jumped out, falling in the river, from which she was rescued. The groom escaped by using a parachute. They held a reception after the bride changed her dress.

The marriage of Rev. Frederic Eberhardt and Miss Alice La Rue occurs tomorrow morning at half past ten o'clock at the Baptist Church. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. E. G. B. Mann. The ushers—Dr. M. H. Dailey and Messrs. Albert Hinton and W. M. Hinton, Jr.—were entertained last night at "Wyndhurst," the beautiful home of the bride-to-be.

WEBB-CLAY.

Mr. Wash Webb, a leading farmer and respected citizen of the Centreville precinct, was married last evening at eight o'clock to Miss Birdie Clay at a pretty home wedding celebrated at the bride's home near Elizabeth. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. G. B. Mann. The bride, who has lately been one of the popular and efficient teachers at the Paris High School, was very handsome in a simple dress of white Paris muslin. She is a most lovable and amiable young lady and the groom is to be congratulated upon winning such a bonny bride. There were no attendants except two pretty little flower girls—Louise Davis and Laura Clay. The marriage was witnessed by a number of friends and relatives and a legion of other friends wish them happiness.

Bourbon's Tobacco Prospect.

TWELVE hundred and fifty acres of tobacco have been planted in Bourbon county against 2,080 last year. There were several good seasons for plant setting but the plants suffered from the heavy rains of last week. The outlook for a good crop in Bourbon is not encouraging but producers are expecting much better prices. Very little old tobacco is now held in Bourbon by producers, several of the largest crops having lately been sold at satisfactory figures.

Bourbon Racers At Latonia.

Talbot Bros.' John Bright won the Sensation Stakes at Latonia Thursday from a field of good horses. He was 40 to 1 in the betting. J. K. Redmon's John Havlin won the third race, a \$300 purse, and Ireland Bros.' Yelvington was second in the first race.

Friday Simms and Anderson's Tom Collins won the second race.

The match race between McGuigan's Boanerges and Turney Bros.' Tillo was declared off, McGuigan forfeiting \$100 to Turney Bros.

Walsh's New Distillery.

WORK is progressing rapidly on the new \$30,000 distillery being built in this city by Walsh & Co., and Manager H. D. Haynes hopes to have it completed by Sept. 1. The building will be four stories, and will be fire-proof, being of iron, brick and stone with cement floors. About forty men are engaged in the work. The main building will be 62x49 feet, the boiler room 60x60, the fermenting room 100x40 and the grain store room 50x27 feet. The distillery will be probably the most complete plant in Kentucky when finished. The plans were drawn by the clever manager, Mr. H. D. Haynes, who will soon begin to make whiskey by an original process, by which he will get a larger amount of whiskey from a given amount of grain.

The Walsh Co. is also putting in machinery to bottle whiskey according to the recent law passed by Congress. The law provides that all whiskey bottled by distillers shall be at least four years old and the bottle must bear a government stamp and the distiller's name. The law will guarantee the genuine article to purchaser and will be a benefit to Kentucky distillers.

The Walsh plant which covers fifteen acres, contains twelve buildings—including five warehouses with storage capacity of 62,000 barrels.

The business is ably managed by Mr. H. D. Haynes. The government men now assigned at Walsh's are J. R. McChesney, guager, and Major J. B. Holladay and W. A. Johnson, storekeepers. P. Nippert, Jr., is on duty for Maj. Holladay, who is yet too ill to be at his post.

Wright's Celery Tea regulates the liver and kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 25c at all druggists.

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

NOTES HASTILY JOTTED ON THE STREETS, AT THE DEPOTS, IN THE HOTEL LOBBIES AND ELSEWHERE.

—Mrs. Sam'l Willis, of Clark, is visiting relatives in the city.

—Miss Annie Willis, of Clark, is the guest of Miss Jessie Turney.

—Courtland Leer is spending a week with relatives in Bath county.

—Mrs. Sallie Haggard, of Lexington, is visiting Miss Cora Wilcox.

—J. A. LaRue, of Frankfort, was in the city Saturday and Sunday.

—Hon. C. M. Thomas has returned from a business trip to New York.

—Mr. Neville Fisher is at home from law school at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

—Misses Edith and Kate Alexander are spending a few days in Covington.

—Mrs. J. R. McChesney left yesterday for Harrodsburg to visit relatives.

—Mrs. June Hill, of Gallatin, Ohio, is visiting Mr. Ben Perry and family.

—Miss Katie Russell is at home from a visit to Miss Susie Johnson, in Mt. Sterling.

—Miss Katie Clay has gone to Willet's Point, N. Y., to visit her sister, Mrs. Judson.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Woods, of Winchester, are visiting the family of J. W. Wilcox.

—Miss Helen Goodloe, of Marietta, O., is visiting her father, Mr. W. M. Goodloe.

—Mr. Chas. M. Penn will leave this morning for a several months' stay in Phoenix, Arizona.

—Miss Jennie Kate Purnell has returned from a visit to Miss Russell Brown in Cynthiana.

—Misses Sallie and May Wilmore, of Harrodsburg, are guests of Mrs. Thos. Fisher, on High street.

—Mr. E. Vanarsdell returned yesterday to Harrodsburg after a visit to his daughter, Mrs. C. B. Mitchell.

—Miss Berthenia Heistand, of Eaton, O., will arrive this week to be a guest at the home of Mr. Chas. Stephens.

—Miss Lillie Jouett, who was the guest of Miss Lizzie Connell several days last week, has returned to Cynthiana.

—Mrs. John McClinton returned yesterday to Richmond after a short visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. C. N. Fithian.

—Mrs. Mark Donovan, of Winchester, and Miss Mollie Donovan, of Maysville, were guests of the Misses Gorey yesterday.

—Misses Mary Fleming Varden and Effie Paton left yesterday for Lexington to visit friends and attend the Chautauqua.

—Miss Amanda Ratliff returned Saturday to Carlisle after a visit to Mrs. Dunlap Howe and Mrs. Hugo Schilling at the Windsor.

—Mr. John W. Boulden, of Maysville, was in the city Saturday en route home from the Confederate reunion at Nashville.

—Misses Marie and Louise Parrish are guests of Miss Lida Rogers in Maysville. They took part in a musical last night at the opera house.

—Mrs. Hugo Schilling and children, of the Windsor, will sail in August with Prof. Schilling, of Harvard, for Europe. They will remain abroad a year.

—Messrs. James Miller, Walter Clark, George Wyatt, J. G. Craddock, Wm. Tarr and Thompson Ware were court day visitors in Cynthiana, yesterday.

—Mrs. Sallie Pullen and Mrs. Alfred Wornal, who attended the Kentucky Christian Missionary Convention, last week at Louisville, have returned home.

—Mrs. James McClure, son and daughter, will leave this week for a visit to Mrs. McClure's brother, Lieutenant John F. Winn, at Ft. Logan, Colorado.

—Dr. Barclay Stephens, of San Francisco, who has been in New York taking a special course in medicine, arrived Saturday to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Stephens.

—Mr. Will R. Ivey, of Georgia, was in the city Saturday en route home from a visit in Carlisle. He was accompanied to this city by Misses Mattie and Mabel Marr and Mr. John Tilton, of Carlisle.

—Mrs. E. B. Bishop and pretty little daughters, Lucinda and Irma, who have been visiting at Mr. George Varden's, leave to-day to join Mr. Bishop in San Francisco. They will in future reside in California.

—Mr. J. A. Bower has returned from Detroit where he attended the annual meeting of the Train Dispatchers' Association of America. He took pleasant side trips on the lakes, up to Mt. Clemens and over into Canada.

—Prof. E. W. Weaver left yesterday for Bowling Green to attend the annual meeting of the Kentucky Educational Association. He was accompanied by Miss Nannie Bowden and Mr. T. T. Roche. They will visit the Mammoth Cave before returning.

—The business is ably managed by Mr. H. D. Haynes. The government men now assigned at Walsh's are J. R. McChesney, guager, and Major J. B. Holladay and W. A. Johnson, storekeepers. P. Nippert, Jr., is on duty for Maj. Holladay, who is yet too ill to be at his post.

—Miss Lissette Dickson is entertaining Miss Ethel Myers, of Covington, Misses Van Greenleaf and Carlyle Walker, of Richmond, and Miss Mary Stoll, of Lexington, at her home on East Third street. They make a merry house party of young ladies and each one rides a bicycle.

Circuit Court Sentences.

Sanford Fisher, a Ruckerville negro who cut his wife with a knife, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary, and Ed. Sharpe, who assaulted another prisoner in jail received a like sentence. Jim Stout, for petit larceny, will spend a year in jail.

Leslie Austin was Friday ordered taken to the Lexington asylum and was placed in that institution Saturday by Jailer W. C. Jones.

Alex Whaley, malicious cutting, and John Cantrell, malicious striking, were acquitted.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Cain Lewis, murder, is set for trial tomorrow.

Court adjourned Saturday to reconvene to-morrow.

OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

Mrs. Alexander Campbell, widow of the late Bishop Campbell, founder of the Christian Church, died at Bethany, W. Va., at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, aged 95.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Foyer.

Mt. Clemens is the Summer home of about thirty actors at present. Eddie Dunn is fighting mosquitos at Long Island, and Digby Bell and Duncan Harrison are touring Illinois awhirl. Fannie Rice and Annie Russell and Richard Mansfield are resting at Rangeley Lake, in Maine. Rudolph Aronson is in the Catskills, Georgia Cayvan; in London, and Gny Standing in Halifax. Augustus Thomas and Maurice Barrymore are in the Northwest. Ada Rehan, with her pet dog and monkey, sailed last week for Europe.

A Lone Elm (Mo.) genius has invented a lover's alarm clock. At 10 o'clock it strikes loudly, two little doors open and the figure of a man attired in a dressing gown appears, holding in his right hand a sign on which are inscribed the words "good night."

Cissy Fitzgerald, she of the famous wink and kick, will retire from the stage and wed Albert Clayburg, of New York. They sailed for Europe June 2d.

Among the Americans who attended the Queen's Jubilee in London last week were thirty-one whose wealth aggregated \$650,000,000.

Anthony Hope Hawkins, the English novelist, will visit America and give a series of fifty readings.

Porters on Wagner and Pullman cars have been ordered not to accept tips from travelers.

Roland Reed will open his season in New York August 30 with "The Wrong Mr. Wright."

Mrs. Margaret Oliphant the authoress, died Sunday of cancer. She was 70 years of age.

William ("Old Hoss") Hoey, the actor, is losing his mind, says a press telegram.

Put-In-Bay Excursion.

Low rate round trip tickets on sale over the Queen & Crescent Route and connecting lines for excursion of July 19 (leaving Chattanooga the night of the 18th.) \$12.25 round trip from Chattanooga, \$18.35 from Dayton, \$10.75 from Rockwood, \$10.55 from Harriman Junction, \$8.60 from Somerset, \$7.00 from Lexington and Georgetown. Good 6 days to return.

Ask agents for particulars.

Summer Tourists.

Low rate, round trip tickets are now on sale from Queen & Crescent stations to Cumberland Falls, Rugby, Burnside, Spring City and Lookout Mountain. Liberal rates and limits. Ask your agent about it.

W. C. RINEARSON,

Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Cincinnati, O.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

All persons having claims against the assigned estate of Chas. R. Turner are requested to present them to me at my office in Paris, Ky., properly proven as required by law. Those knowing themselves indebted to the estate are requested to settle promptly and save costs of suit.

HARMON STITT,

(29je) Assignee.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners
BRUCE MILLER,

JIM'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

The Railway Signalman's Story.

BY W. S. SMITH.

No, sir, I'm proud an' thankful to say that although I've been a signalman now for close on a quarter of a century, I've never yet had an accident at my box. I've come very near it on several occasions, as you may guess; but, somehow, providence has always seemed to step in just at the right moment an' prevent it.

One case I can call to mind every bit as plain now as when it happened, which is getting on for 15 years ago, neither more nor less, but that's no doubt because it concerned my own self more than it did any o' the others. You'd like to hear the story? Well, sir, there isn't over much doin' just now, an' as your train isn't due for half an hour or so, I don't mind tellin' it.

At the time I speak of, I hadn't been appointed signalman at the old junction down yonder (jerking his thumb in a direction over his left shoulder) more than a few months. It's been pulled down now, an' a bigger box put up, but in those days there was just as much work to do, and not so much room to do it in.

I was on day turn that week, an' as I walked down the line a bit afore seven in the mornin', the sun shinin' bright, an' the birds twitterin' an' hoppin' about from bush to bush, I couldn't help thinkin' how much nicer an' pleasanter it was than bein' on nights, wi' nothin' but the screech of a locomotive every now an' again, or maybe an occasional fog signal, to keep you company during the long dark hours.

"Mornin', Joe," says I, when I got to the box, to my mate who'd been on durin' the night. "Nice day, ain't it?"

"Aye, very nice," says Joe.

"Anythin' special in the night?" says I.

"No, nuthin' much. Down Scotchman 15 minutes late through a block on the line higher up, an' two trucks o' cattle in the sidin' for the pick-up"—that's a goods train callin' at every station, if required, sir—"to take forward this mornin'. That's about all, I think."

Well, Joe stayed in the box talkin' an' gossippin' to me in a friendly sort o' way for about half an hour, as we usually did, whichever of us happened to be just goin' off duty, an' then he slung his bag over his shoulder an' went o' home to get his breakfast an' bit o' well-earned rest, leavin' me alone for another day in charge o' the old cabin.

It was a pretty busy box, an' there wasn't much time hangin' on your hands, so to speak, but what bit there was I generally spent in polishin' up the big levers o' steel an' brass—it was always Joe's an' my boast that you couldn't find so much as a speck o' dust on any of our handles—an' thinkin' o' the wife an' child at home.

We'd been married about six years, had Jenny an' me, an' a happier couple I don't think you'd have found anywhere. She was always cheerful an' smilin', an' as good an' careful a manager as you could set eyes on, an' although my wages weren't very much to talk about at the time, she made them spin out an' do things in a way that fairly astonished me. The house was always comfortable an' nice, an' as clean as continual dustin' an' scrubbin' could make it.

Very proud was Jenny when I got put on at the junction. She said it showed they thought a good deal o' me; an' right enough, it was an important post for a young man, as I was then, who hadn't been signalman more than a matter o' some seven or eight years. We'd never had but one child, little Nelly. She was just five, an' it would have done your heart good to see her wi' her winsome ways and her prattlin' baby talk.

As for Jenny an' me, we just idolized her, an' nothin' less. Nothin' was too good for her; an' when she was dressed up in her best little frock on a Sunday, we were that proud of her we didn't think there was another girl like our Nelly in the whole wide world. Many a time have I gone wi'out tobacco for a week in order that she might have her new pair o' slippers or new pins before a bit sooner.

We used to call her our little bit o' sunshine, an' I'm sure a better name it would have been hard to find, for she seemed to light up the house, runnin' in an' out in her play, just like a gleam o' sun does. Every mornin' when I went off down to the box, after kissing them both, she'd stand at the door, holdin' on to her mother's gown wi' one little hand, wavin' the other in the air, an' callin' out after me: "Doo-doo, dada dear," till I was out o' hearin', me turnin' round every few yards an' wavin' my hand to her in return.

Well, on this particular mornin' things went on much the same as usual, an' I was kept pretty hard at it till about 12 o'clock, pullin' back the levers an' enterin' up in my book the times o' the trains as they passed.

After that time I had a bit o' slack till the one o'clock down express was signalled, an' then Nelly would bring my dinner down an' stay playin' about in the box till I'd eaten it.

This was the one little bit o' the day that I always looked forward to with more interest than any other, unless it were knockin'-off time, an' whenever the weather was anythin' like fine I was sure to be disappointed.

At first Jenny was nervous an' didn't like the idea o' the child walkin' down the line.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "is it safe for her to go? Think what we should do if anything happened to our little Nelly."

"Oh, never fear, lass, she'll be all right," I answered. "Won't you, Nelly?" catchin' her up in my arms an' kissin' her.

"Yes, me all right," lisped Nelly, in her pretty baby talk, nodding her little head wisely, an' makin' us both laugh at her earnestness.

After that she came regularly, an' I used to look out for her toddlin' down the footpath at the side o' the line—I'd caution her never to go off it, an' as she was a sharp little thing she soon understood why—wi' my dinner basket hung over her arm, as proud an' pleased as possible to think that she was takin' her dad his dinner.

Then, when I'd taken it out o' the basket, wi' a kiss for portage, she'd play round, an' look wi' big, wonderin' eyes at the great brass handles an' the telegraph needles, till I'd finished, when she'd start back home wi' the empty basket—it wasn't more than a quarter of a mile—an' I'd watch her little figure growin' smaller in the distance wi' feelin' just as proud as her own.

This had gone on for some time now, an' Jenny had quite forgotten her fears.

The express was late that day, an' I remember wonderin' what could have delayed it, as it was usually signaled punctual to the minute. At last, however, I got the ring on the bell that told me it was approachin', an' not long after I heard its rumblin' some two or three miles away. After I'd pulled my levers over, an' set the signals off for it to run into the station, I went to the side o' the cabin an' looked out o' the window.

The first thing that caught my attention was a man, about 100 yards off, runnin' wi' all his might towards me, wavin' his hands an' pointin' in a very excited manner somewhere.

"What's up now?" thought I, but I couldn't make head or tail of his gesticulatin', so I waited wi' some impatience for him to get nearer, an' then I saw that it was one o' the plate-layers belongin' to the gang that was workin' near by.

"Switch the express on to the loop, Jim, quick," he gasped. "The bridge has fallen in."

Before I go any further, let me explain the position o' things a bit.

My box was a junction, as I've told you. To the south was the main line from London, which there split in two, one comin' through the station here an' the other missin' it and goin' round the "loop," as we call it. On the station line, about 300 yards past the junction, round a bit of a curve, was a large trestle bridge over the river. It was gettin' considerably old, an' they had been talkin' about renewin' it for some time past, but somehow the months had drifted by an' no start had been made on the work yet.

Instantly I guessed what had happened. The rains durin' the last week or two had been very heavy, an' the river was in consequence flooded an' runnin' very strong, an' the unusual weight an' rush o' water had loosened the old an' rotten supports o' the bridge, which never ought to have been allowed to get in such a condition, till it had suddenly come toppling over the seethin' an' boilin' flood below.

For a moment I was staggered by the suddenness o' the news, but then I braced myself together, an' saw that what the navy had shonted was the only thing to do.

It was impossible to pull the express up. The driver had seen the signals off, an' knownin' that he was behind time, was beltin' along as fast as his engine could go. It was afore these days o' trains fitted from end to end wi' continuous brakes, that'll bring a train to a stand in 50 yards, an' I could see that unless I switched it on to the loop it'd go dashin' along an' into the river on top o' the ill-fated bridge.

I felt a kind o' dizziness come over me as I thought o' all them passengers a-sittin' in the carriages comfortably readyin' or lookin' out at the green an' yellow fields as they passed, being sent wi'out a word o' warnin' to destruction, an' sprang across to pull the levers back. As I did so I thought o' little Nelly a-comin' down the loop wi' my dinner, an' how surprised she'd be to see the great express rushin' towards her, an' involuntarily I cast a glance out o' the window in the direction I knew she'd be comin'.

Aye, there was the little figure I loved so well, sure enough; but what was that that made my heart grow suddenly cold wi' me, an' sent the blood surgin' up to my temples till my brain felt on fire? Passin' my hand across my eyes, I looked again—surely I must be mistaken!

No. It was no delusion—there was my little girl walkin' in the four-foot—a thing she'd never done afore to my knowledge—right in the track o' the advancin' express. She had got the basket in one hand an' was holdin' her little hat up in the air wi' the other, an' I almost fancied I could see the laugh o' childlike glee on her face as she watched the bright ribbon flutterin' in the breeze.

"Nelly, Nelly," I shouted, desperately, but she evidently didn't hear, for she took no notice.

A sickenin' forebodin' o' ill came over me, an' I stood wi' my hand on the lever irresolute.

Has it ever struck you, sir, what a lot o' things can pass through your brain in the space o' half a minute? It struck me for the first time then; a whole series o' thoughts seemed to flood over me in that terrible few seconds.

If I pulled the lever back it meant almost certain death to Nelly—chubby, rosie-cheeked little Nelly, the darlin' o' her mother's heart, the little, winsome child I'd played wi' on my knee ever since she was a baby; an' if I didn't, it meant equally certain destruction to the express, wi' its heavy freight o' human bein's, which was by this time not more than a couple o' hundred yards away.

That terrible struggle between love an' duty, which took place all inside o' half a minute, will never be wiped off my memory.

"Switch her over, you fool!" yelled the plate-layer, who had now got close up to the box; but then he, too, caught sight of Nelly an' was silent, for perhaps he, too, had got a little girl at home.

His shout did not rouse me, however, for wicked thoughts filled my brain. Who could say wi' any certainty what was the reason if I didn't turn the course o' the train? Most likely it would be supposed that the shock had dazed me an' rendered me incapable o' actin' promptly, as had been the case wi' so many men afore me. Why shouldn't I let the express go on unchecked, an' save Nelly?

Thank God, though, the horrible temptation wasn't for long! I was one, but what was I compared wi' all the vast host o' wives an' daughters, an' husbands an' fathers, that would be thrown into sorrow an' mournin' if any accident happened to that train? I should be branded ever after with the curse o' murder, an' worse than murder.

"Nelly, Nelly," I shouted through the window, as loud as my parched throat would let me, "lie down, lie down." I pointed between the rails; then, wi' one brief prayer that came right from the bottom o' my heart, I flung the handle back only just in time.

I heard the points come over, the engine almost strikin' them as they did so, but just swervin' in time to get on the loop—an' then I knew no more, for my senses were mercifully taken away an' I fell to the floor of the cabin in a dead swoon.

When I came to again I was lyin' in my own room at home, wi' Jenny bendin' over me an' passin' her hand over my hot brow.

"Nelly," I murmured, shudderin'ly, expectin' to be greeted wi' a burst o' sobs.

To my surprise, however, Jenny went away, an' in a few seconds, durin' which I lay in a kind o' sleepy wonder, not havin' quite recovered from my swoon, returned, leadin' by the hand our little girl—unharmed!

After I had caught her up in my arms an' kissed her passionately again an' again, they told me how, on hearin' my shout, she had obediently lain down, an' how the big express, by some merciful dispensation o' Providence, had passed clean over her wi'out harming her so much as a scratch. That's about all, sir, an' here's your train a-bein' signaled. The passengers, when they got to know about it, collected a sum o' money for me, an' called me a hero, but none o' them ever dreamed o' that terrible temptation.—Tit-Bits.

FUTURE OF THE GIRL.

She Is Promised Much by the World But Given Little.

One of the problems of the day is the girl of the future, or, rather, the future of the girl, for certainly she is in a transition stage, and what will be her developments at the beginning of the century it is impossible to predict. It must be acknowledged that the outlook which a decade ago promised so much has been most disappointing. As a young business woman aptly expressed the situation the other day: "The barriers have undoubtedly bee removed, but there are no end of stumbling blocks which are just as bad, if not worse!" All careers are open, but it is almost impossible to adopt any of them with any chance of success, for a variety of causes. In the first place, the characteristics which make a man successful handicap a woman. To be shrewd and pushing is not attractive, and bold energy is looked upon with suspicion, as being akin to the above objectionable qualities. Another almost insuperable obstacle is the want of faith that even their well-wishers have in their performances. How few would trust a woman to take the responsibility of a critical illness, to erect an important building, to argue an involved case of law! It will take a number of generations to overcome the prejudice which is so universal, not of the world at large against the idea of a woman entering the profession, but of individuals who are unwilling to employ her in any of these capacities.

Then comes another question. These professions are overcrowded as it is. Now, then, can they support the great influx of new aspirants? How can the men with the best intentions afford to be generous and just to women when they usurp (for as possession is ninetenths of the law, it is natural that they should consider it usurpation) their privileges?

As long as women are not considered competent the question resolves itself into the survival of the fittest, which is comparatively simple just now, for up to the present time there is practically no competition.

Truly, as the young woman said: "There are, to be sure, no longer any barriers, but the stumbling blocks are many and discouraging."

In the meanwhile what is to become of our daughters who have no independent means? Marriage solves the difficulty for some, but by no means for all—hardly nowadays for the majority. Let us hope that before long intelligent young women will be given the chance they deserve, and that the beginning of a new century will be more practically helpful than the end of the old, which promised so much and has in reality done so little.—N. Y. Tribune.

FRUIT POTPOURRI.

Now is the time to begin your potpourri jar of preserved fruits. Get a large stone jar, the size you think will hold all you want. Take as many boxes of strawberries as you wish, say two or three, and cover them with alcohol, and, adding their weight in sugar, simply place the stone lid on the jar, leaving them to preserve in the unsealed jar. The next fruit that comes into the market place in the jar with enough more alcohol to cover it, with sugar to taste, and so on, placing every fruit in the jar when it is perfectly fresh. Next winter you will have a very delicious preserve to offer occasional guests or to serve at afternoon tea.—St. Louis Republic.

YELLOW AND OLD BLUE.

A Combination That Always Has a Pleasing Effect.

The term "old blue," as applied to chinias, is made to cover a multitude of blues, all of which are effective in any way they are used, be it for table service or purely decorative purposes. Since Whistler showed its possibilities in his famous blue and yellow breakfast-room, the modern old blue, even in the cheapest makes of China and Japan, has found a new valuation in the eyes of appreciative decorators. Every variation of the shade is in itself a color motif, in harmony with which room may become a veritable symphony in blue.

The Delft craze has come and gone, proving a mere whim of fancy, but "willow-ware" blue and "pagoda" blue are, like the poor, always with us; yet they are by no means poor as art products, even though one can buy them as cheap as white porcelain ware. It was just this inexpensive Chinese blue that Whistler used on table, mantel and walls against his yellow backgrounds, even hanging little pots of it filled with ferns suspended by chains from the ceiling above the four corners of the table.

Take the dining-room of the average suburban home, for instance, and what a revelation of sweetness and light it may become through these simple meadows of yellow walls and blue willow!

I know of one such dining-room in a house having old-fashioned "ceiled" walls and wainscoting that was painted unmistakably yellow. In one corner there was the triangular cupboard originally built into the house. Through the glass doors rows of willow ware plates could be seen and cups of the same hanging under the shelves on brass hooks.

There was a window on the north side facing the river, with a low, broad window bench painted yellow and covered with a blue denim cushion. In the south side there was only a door, but the upper half was glass, letting in a flood of light, and a view of woods and fields. Over this was a shelf called the "hospital," on which were ranged a row of plates and the cracked teapots and pitchers that could turn a good side toward the world.

In the center of the table stood a squat jardiniere of yellow Leeds ware with growing ferns, and all the service was of the charmingly-contrasted porcelain, on which quaint blue gentlemen helped quainter blue ladies over impossible rivers.

Besides these blues mentioned there is the "mulberry blue" and the deeply, darkly, beautifully blue Staffordshire ware on which famous castles are depicted, and the "railroad" plates, made at the same English pottery and showing the first train of cars.

Some of these "railroad" plates bring \$150, while the "castle" plates are offered for ten dollars, seeming to prove that the pottery makers, at least, rated locomotion above picturesqueness. These plates are large, and a single one shows handsomely as a plaque in an artistic hall.

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Put the pulp and sugar in a porcelain-lined kettle and stir for one minute. Line a ten-inch tin pie plate with plain pastry, fill it with the prepared pineapple, and cover it with puff paste. Brush it over with the white of an egg, and bake from 50 to 60 minutes in a rather quick oven. Use a pie plate at least an inch deep, with straight sides, rather than the shallow pie plates with sloping sides, which seem designed to allow the contents of the pie to escape on the oven bottom.

Dredge the pie with sugar when it is baked, and set it back into the oven until the sugar melts and forms a glaze over the crust.

Another way to make this pie is to stew the pineapple for about ten minutes, when it will be tender. Bake the under crust, filling it with rice or apple sauce, until it is done. After this, scrape out the contents and put in the cooked pineapple, covering it with a meringue made of the whites of two eggs, three heaping tablespoonyfuls of sugar, and the juice of half a lemon. Bake the pie until the meringue is done. It will take about 15 minutes in a slow oven, at

